

COWBOY

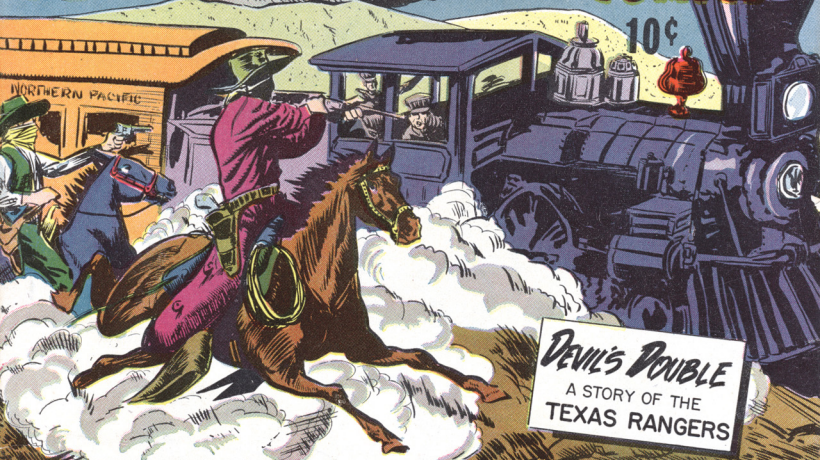
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No. 22
F.P.I.

WESTERN

COMICS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



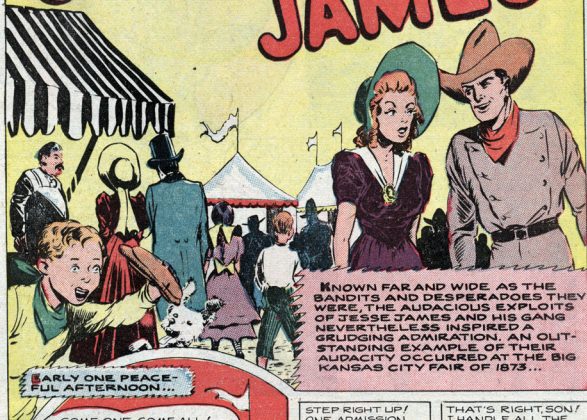
DOWN THROUGH HISTORY TO THE DAYS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE NAME "GERONIMO" WAS USED BY A FIGHTING OUT-FIT, THE PARATROOPERS AS THEIR WAR CRY!



MARIO DEMARCO

GERONIMO A NAME WHICH STRUCK TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF MEXICANS. HE SPENT THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE SEEKING REVENGE AGAINST THEM BECAUSE HE BLAMED THE MEXICANS FOR KILLING HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. HE WAS MADE CHIEF OF THE APACHE. CONSTANTLY LEADING RAIDS WHERE HE AND HIS FOLLOWERS KILLED AND PLUNDERED. HE SURRENDERED TO GEN. COOK AND WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR TWO YEARS. BORN IN 1829, HE DIED 1909.

JESSE JAMES



KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS THE BANDITS AND DESPERADOES THEY WERE, THE AUDACIOUS EXPLOITS OF JESSE JAMES AND HIS GANG NEVERTHELESS INSPIRED A GRUDGING ADMIRATION. AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF THEIR AUDACITY OCCURRED AT THE BIG KANSAS CITY FAIR OF 1873...

EARLY ONE PEACEFUL AFTERNOON...

COME ONE, COME ALL!
SEE THE TATOOED LADY!
THIS WAY FOR THE BIG
SHOW!

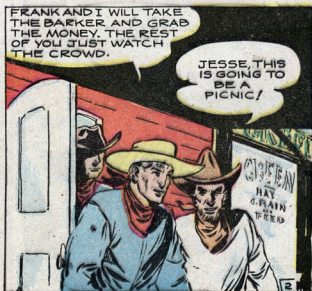
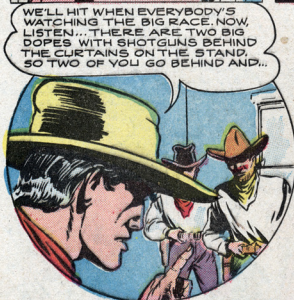
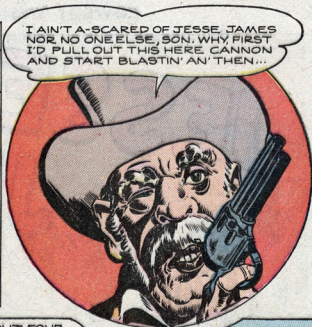
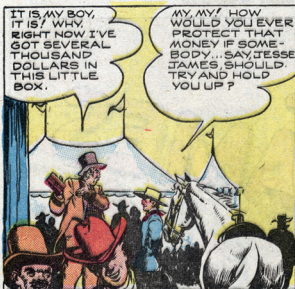
STEP RIGHT UP!
ONE ADMISSION
PRICE FOR EVERY-
THING.

YOU TAKE
IN ALL
THE
MONEY,
MISTER?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON!
I HANDLE ALL THE
MONEY... ONE PRICE
FOR EVERYONE!

SAY, I SURE
ADMIRE
YOUR NERVE, SIR.
MUST BE A
GREAT RESPON-
SIBILITY FOR
ONE MAN.

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THE BIG RACE IS ON, FOLKS! HURRY, HURRY!

HELLO, MISTER. HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU GOT IN THE BOX BY NOW?

OH, HELLO, SON. WHY, I MUST HAVE ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND DOL...

THAT SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT ENOUGH, JESSE!

WHY, WHY, YOU'RE JESSE JAMES?

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER. AND IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO PULL THAT GUN... DO IT WITH JUST FINGERS, GENTLE LIKE, AND THEN THROW IT DOWN ON THE GROUND.

ALL RIGHT! I'M DROPPIN'! BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD ME UP...

NO NEED TO YELL, FATTY! YOUR MEN CAN HEAR YOU OKAY.

TROUBLE IS THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO FOR YOU!

YOU... YOU DIRTY THIEF! YOU OUGHTA BE HANGED!

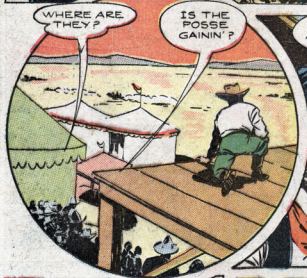
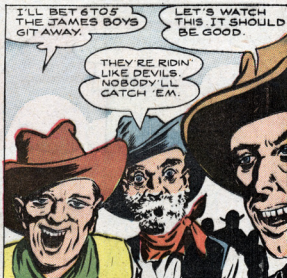
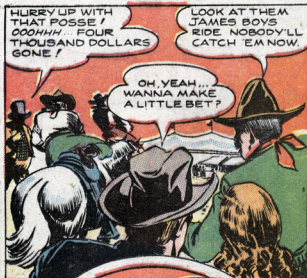
TCH TCH. WATCH YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, MISTER. OKAY, FRANK, LET'S GO.

COME ON, BOYS. TIME TO GET MOVIN'.

HELP! THE JAMES BOYS STOLE MY MONEY. FORM A POSSE! CALL THE SHERIFF!

WHAT? THE JAMES BOYS? LET'S GO AFTER 'EM AND GIT 'EM!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



150¢

Annie Oakley

HEY! HERE COMES BUTLER AND ANNIE OAKLEY. THEY GOT LOTS OF DOUGH. LET'S HIT 'EM UP FOR SOME.

WE'D BETTER HURRY, FRANK. IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE SHOW.

OH, WE HAVE LOTS OF TIME.

SAY, MR. BUTLER, HOW ABOUT STAKIN' ME AN' MY FRIEND HERE TO TEN DOLLARS?

I GAVE YOU SOME MONEY YESTERDAY. WHY DON'T YOU WORK FOR A LIVING?

AWRIGHT, WE'LL WORK ON YOU! GET HIM, CHARLEY, AN WE'LL...

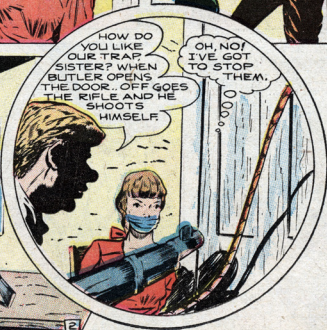
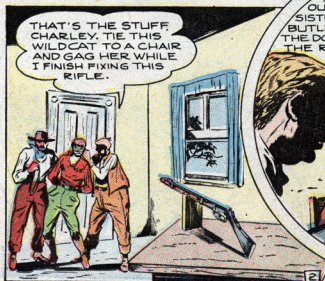
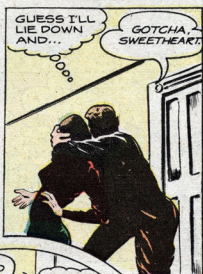
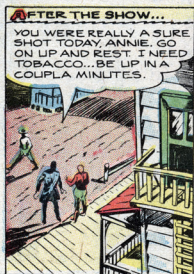
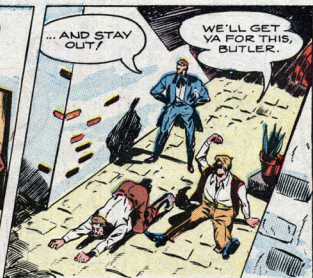
NEVER LEAD WITH A RIGHT, STUPID!

HERE'S YOUR TEN DOLLARS WORTH!

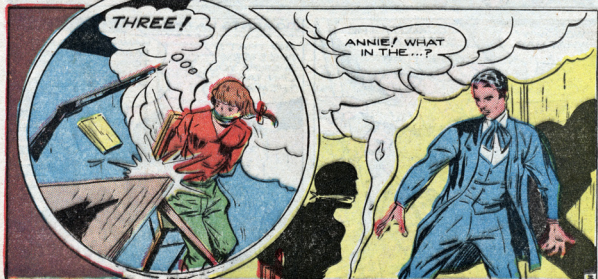
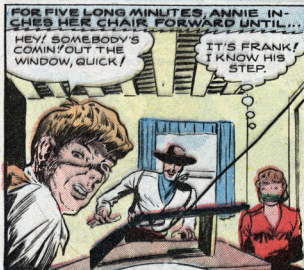
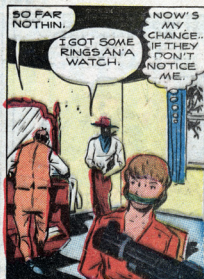
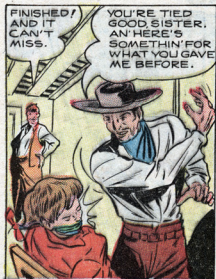
UGHHH

OOOWWW

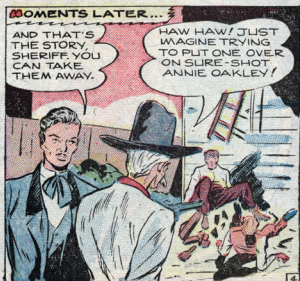
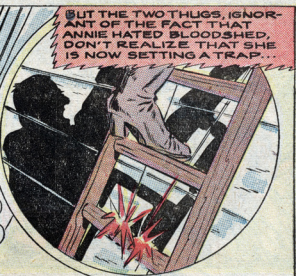
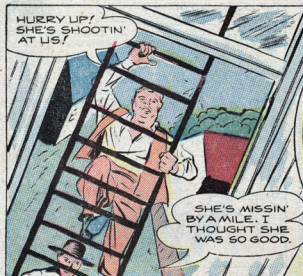
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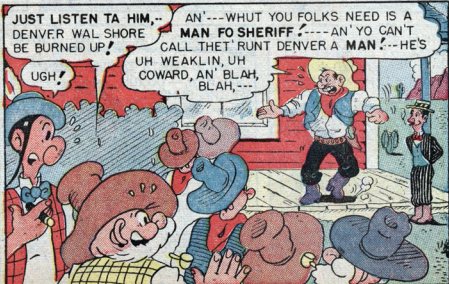
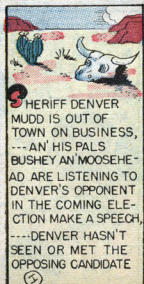


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DENVER MUDD

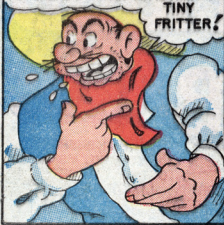
BUSHEY AND BARNES



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AN' WHUT'S MORE HE'S GOT
DANDRIF AN' INGROWN TOE-
NAILS!--- YOU NEED UH HE-MAN
FO' SHERIFF --- AN' AH IS HIM ---

**TINY
FRITTER!**

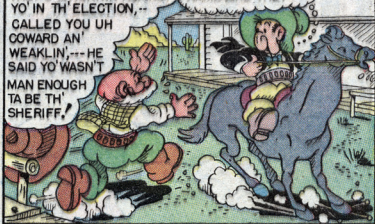


LATER---

DENVER!
TINY FRITTER" TH' GUY
THET'S A' RUNNIN' AGAINST
YO' IN TH' ELECTION,--
CALLED YOU UH
COWARD AN'
WEAKLIN',--- HE
SAID YO' WASN'T
MAN ENOUGH
TA BE TH' SHERIFF!

"TINY FRITTER"--HMM
HE MUST BE A LI'L
SQUIRT TA HAVE A
NAME LIKE THET----

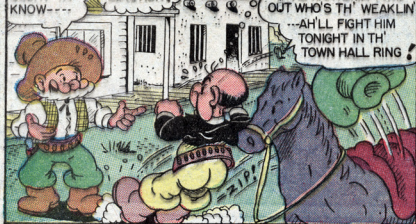
TOE



---AN' THAR'S
SOMETHIN'
ELSE YO'
OUGHT TA
KNOW----

HMM---AH'LL PULL UH
BLUFF, ---AN' SCARE THIS
TINY OUT O' RUNNIN' IN TH'
ELECTION!

SHUT UP,---YOU
GO AN' TELL THET
GUY!!! TINY IF'IN
HE WANTS TA FIND
OUT WHO'S TH' WEAKLIN'
---AH'LL FIGHT HIM
TONIGHT IN TH'
TOWN HALL RING!



SHUT UP! AN' GO DO
WHUT AH TOLD YO'!

B--BUT ----
D-DENVER----

HEH, HEH,
AH IS A SLY
ONE--



TH' OL' HARDHEAD
WOULDN'T LISTEN-
WHEN AH TRIED
TA TELL HIM!

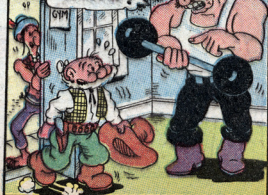
UGH, HIM
BE
HEAP
SORRY!



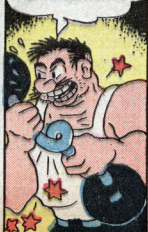
AND AS BUSHEY TELLS TINY---

WHAT?

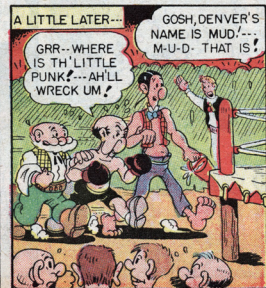
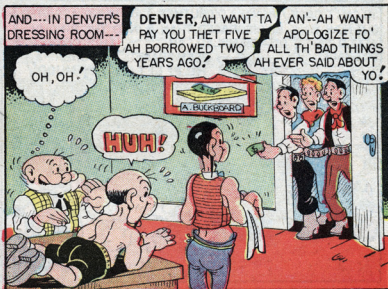
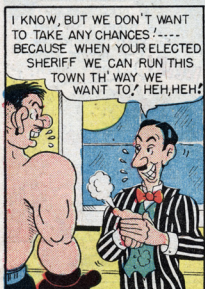
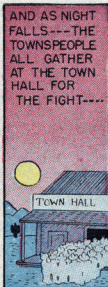
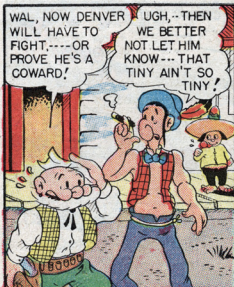
MUDD WANTS TA FIGHT ME!??
HAH, HAW,--- DO YOU
SEE THIS DUMBELL,
DUMBELL?



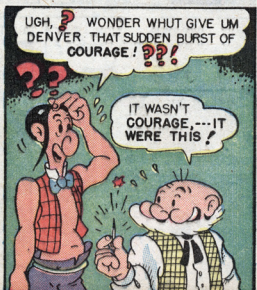
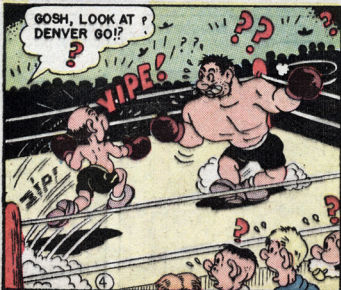
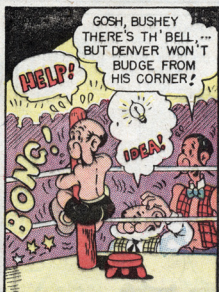
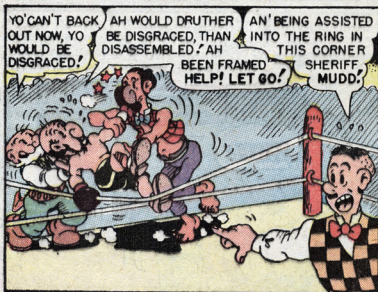
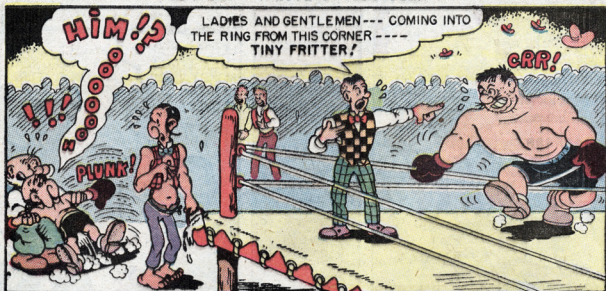
WAL, THIS IS WHUT
AH'LL DO TO THET
LITTLE RUNT!



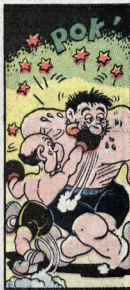
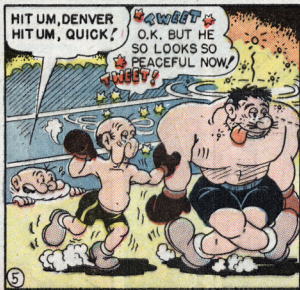
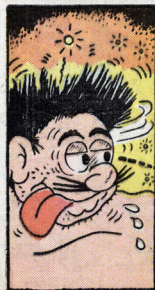
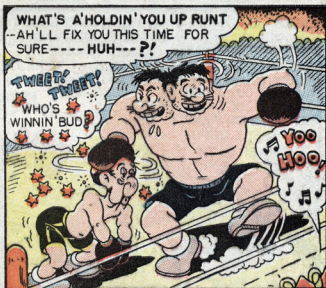
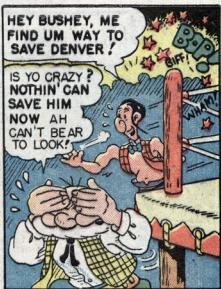
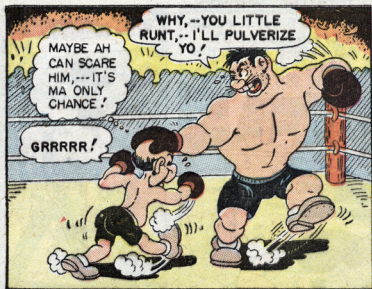
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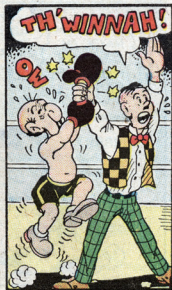
POFF ! POFF !

POW ! POW !

KOINK!

POP!

LOOK ! TINY'S GOT A HORSE-SHOE IN HIS GLOVE ! TH' RAT ! LET'S CHASE HIM AN' THAT CROOKED PAL O'HIS OUT OF TOWN !

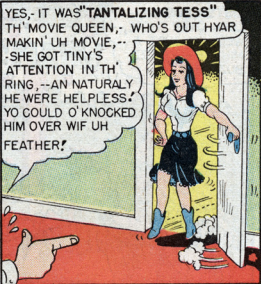


WAL, AH GUESS AH IS
PURTY TOUGH, HAH
KNOCKIN' OUT A BIG
GUY LIKE THET, --AH
BET THERE ISN'T ANY-
BODY THET CAN PUT
OL' DENVER ON TH
FLOOR!

OH YEAH, DON'T BRAG!
BIG HEAD, ---IT WASN'T
YO THET CAUSED TH'
KNOCKOUT, --IT WERE TH'
KNOCKOUT COMIN' IN TH'
DOOR NOW!

HELLO BOYS!

YES, - IT WAS "TANTALIZING TESS"
TH' MOVIE QUEEN, - WHO'S OUT HYAR
MAKIN' UH MOVIE, --
- SHE GOT TINY'S
ATTENTION IN TH'
RING, -- AN NATURALLY
HE WERE HELPLESS.
YO COULD O' KNOCKED
HIM OVER WIF UH
FEATHER!



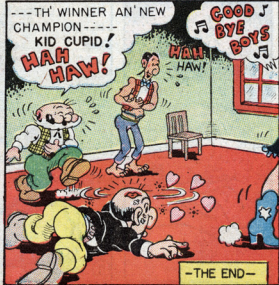
OH, I JUST COULDN'T STAND TO SEE THAT MONSTER A'BEATIN' UP YOUR SWEET LI'L SHERIFF,--AN' I HAVE A LI'L REWARD FOR OUR LI'L HERO!



SMACK!

---TH' WINNER AN' NEW
CHAMPION---
KID CUPID!
**HAH
HAW!**

GOOD
BYE
BOYS



-THE END-

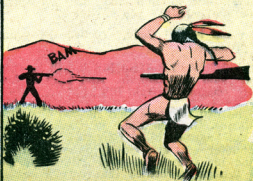


DURING THE YEARS 1868 AND 1869 WILLIAM CODY SHOT AND KILLED 4,280 BUFFALO. THIS WAS HOW HE WON HIS NAME. "BUFFALO BILL" YEARS LATER WHEN THE WEST HAD BECOME TAME, HE ORGANIZED A "WILD WEST" SHOW AND TOURED AMERICA AND EUROPE. HE DIED IN 1917.

"BUFFALO BILL" COL. W.F. CODY

HIS NAME SPELLED ACTION, COLOR AND ADVENTURE TO MILLIONS OF SCHOOLBOYS, MEN AND WOMEN. THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THE WEST WITH ALL ITS ROUGHNESS AND COLOR TO THE BOY IN THE CROWDED CITY, THE SICK WHO WAS COMPELLED TO BED, THE OLD MAN WHO ALWAYS DREAMED OF PACKING HIS GRIPS AND HEADING WEST BUT NEVER QUITE GOT AROUND TO IT, YES HE MADE YOUNG AND OLD HEARTS POUND WITH EXCITEMENT AFTER READING A FEW PAGES OF HIS LIFE. HE CROWDED ENOUGH THRILLS AND ADVENTURE IN HIS GRAND LIFE TO SATISFY A DOZEN MEN!

SEVERAL LARGE BOOKS WOULD BE NEEDED TO DESCRIBE SOME OF THE HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES HE WENT THROUGH. BILL WAS BORN IN FEB. 26, 1846, ELEVEN YEARS LATER HE SHOT HIS FIRST INDIAN!



Buffalo Bill's Private Life

Buffalo Bill was christened William Frederick Cody. As a very small child, still in knee breeches, his father emigrated from Iowa to the Kansas prairie and settled beyond Fort Leavenworth. That was the making of Young Bill. Fort Leavenworth was wild frontier country, with homes far-scattered; his boyhood was spent learning to ride wild horses, and shooting at swift moving targets while racing bareback. He also learned to know the habits of Indians and to read trail signs.

When Bill was fifteen he was rider for the Pony Express, one of the most hazardous occupations on the plains, later he served in the army until the close of the Civil War. In 1867 when he was twenty-one, he was offered five hundred dollars a month to keep the construction gang of the Kansas Pacific Railroad supplied with fresh meat. This group consisted of twelve hundred men with enormous outdoor appetites, but young Bill already had the reputation of being the greatest buffalo hunter on the plains. He considered it a simple matter for him to contract to supply an average of twelve buffaloes a day and it was during this period that he gained his title of "Buffalo Bill."

It happened one day as he harnessed his buffalo horse, Brigham, in a test to see whether he would do for a work horse in an emergency. Brigham objected strenuously and Cody was unharnessing him when someone sighted a small herd of buffaloes crossing a distant hill. No bison had been seen for days and the camp was short of meat.

"Hitch up the wagon and follow me!" cried Bill to one of his helpers. Leaping upon the horse bareback, with only a blind bridle, he dashed off after the herd. He had left his saddle back at camp and there was no time to return for it. But he had a breech-loading needle gun which he called his "Buffalo killer, Lucretia Borgia." With this gun and the faithful Brigham he asked for nothing more.

He overtook some army officers, all new to the prairie country, who had noticed the herd from Fort Harker and raced out for some sport. They looked at Bill with much amusement. Who was this unkempt boy riding bareback on what appeared to be a work horse? They thought him one of the new track-layers in the construction gang, a boy who perhaps had never even seen a buffalo before.

The captain laughed aloud.

"Do you expect to catch those buffaloes on that Gothic steed?" he asked in a jocular manner.

Young Bill knew very well what they thought. "I hope to," he replied, "if I push on the reins hard enough."

"You'll never catch them my fine fellow,"

said the captain. "It requires a fast horse to overtake the animals on the prairie."

"Does it?" asked Bill innocently.

"Yes, but come along with us, we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of the tenderloin. You may have the rest."

"Much obliged Captain, I will follow you," Bill said in a meek tone.

There were eleven buffaloes in the herd which was then a mile ahead. With his knowledge of animals, Bill Cody knew that unconscious of pursuit, they were making for a creek to get water. Even when pursued, buffaloes rarely deviate from their original course. So, while the officers dashed on after them, he quietly turned Brigham aside and struck off for the creek, to be there when the officers unwittingly drove them up. He had scarcely reached his post when the buffaloes came thundering past, not a hundred yards away, with the officers three hundred yards in the rear.

Jerking the blind bridle off Brigham, the intelligent buffalo horse recognized the signal and dashed off at top speed getting there ahead of the officers and rushing abreast the rear animal.

"Bang!" went "Lucretia Borgia." The buffalo dropped dead and Brigham raced on to the next one.

With twelve shots the eleven buffaloes lay dead, and then Brigham stopped.

The astonished officers had not had a chance to fire a single shot.

The officers rode up as young Bill dismounted. They looked at Bill in amazement as they had every right to for Bill had neither bridle, reins nor saddle—only his needle-gun and the faithful Brigham.

He bowed low to the officers.

"Allow me, gentlemen" to present to you all the tongues and the tenderloins you need from these buffaloes."

"I never saw anythin' like it, such spirit! Such courage! who are you anyhow?"

"My name is Bill Cody," replied the young hunter proudly.

"Bill, huh? Well, Buffalo Bill it will be from now on," said the Captain. And that is how Bill Cody became Buffalo Bill.

Once he had to prove that he had the right to the name "Buffalo Bill," as there was another man named Billy Comstock a widely known hunter who also called himself "Buffalo Bill" and his friends resented Bill Cody. The dispute became so heated that only a contest

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between the two Bills could determine who was the rightful owner of the name.

A Buffalo Bill championship was arranged for holiday crowds and picnicking. The excursion trains from St. Louis were packed with those who came to see the great battle.

The Referees followed each move of the two contestants and kept score. Three herds of buffalo were sighted. When the third appeared Bill Cody put on a magnificent show. He dispensed with his saddle and rode Brigham bareback. He killed two hundred and fifteen buffaloes to Comstock's ninety-four. From then on he was known as the official "Buffalo Bill."

During the time he worked for the Kansas Pacific he killed four thousand two hundred and eighty buffaloes, in addition to elk and other game.

Fifteen years later he organized Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows. Everywhere he went he was acclaimed. Children and grown-ups to this very day worship the daring and courage of this favorite son of the West. No greater showman ever lived. He left an enviable mark for "Young America" to shoot at.

And so we send a rousing salute to a famous man of the West, Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill As An Author

In 1860 an important publishing company Beadle & Co. tried an experiment, by issuing a thin, paper-covered, pamphlet-like booklet called MALESKA: The Indian Wife of the White Hunter. The booklet sold for 10 cents, a revolutionary price and, thus began a revolutionary type of literature which came to a head later that year when the same company published a story by Seth Jones about the New York wilderness of 1785. This booklet—also priced at 10 cents—was a tremendous success with juveniles and more than half a million copies of it were sold.

Beadle & Co. then really went into production, at the rate of one a week, of historical stories, with American settings, featuring adventure and romance. These stories lionized pioneers, hunters, soldiers, guides, especially those connected with the development of the West.

The young soldiers in the Civil War, the young boys in the cities, and on the farms, saved these 10 cent booklets and exchanged them with each other. Almost every American boy became a reader and collector and so did the children of foreign countries, since Beadle's books were translated into many languages other than English. Everywhere they were well received, at least for some years after they came into existence.

Most of the stories dealt with the pioneer history of America and the opening of the frontiers. The publishers, in their desire to present authentic material, usually engaged actual pioneers to do the writing and among such writers, the most outstanding was our friend, Buffalo Bill, who authored several of his own books and was the hero of more than 200 others written by his friend and ricing companion, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham a famous soldier who fought in the Civil War, later in the Indian Wars, and still later in the Foreign Legion.

Colonel Ingraham undoubtedly assisted Buffalo Bill in writing the novels which bore Bill's name as author. Some people think the Colonel was Bill's ghost writer and that Bill did not actually write those stories at all. It is something like the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy—but regardless of who wrote the so-called Buffalo Bill stories, there can be no question that for 30 years, the name and adventures of William F. Cody were known to every child in America by virtue of well-read (and sometimes, well-written) novels about him.

Some 10 years ago, one of the major studios made a full-length movie of Buffalo Bill's life and this film has been successfully exhibited all over the world. Today almost 100 years since the fabulous stories about Buffalo Bill became known, he still lives on. Most of the other characters who were heroes of the 1860-1890 era of sensational literature have long since faded from memory but Buffalo Bill will always be cherished in the memories of the boys and girls who love him just as he remains forever in his tomb atop Lookout Mountain, Colorado.

DONNA DAVIS

Buffalo Bill—Vital Statistics

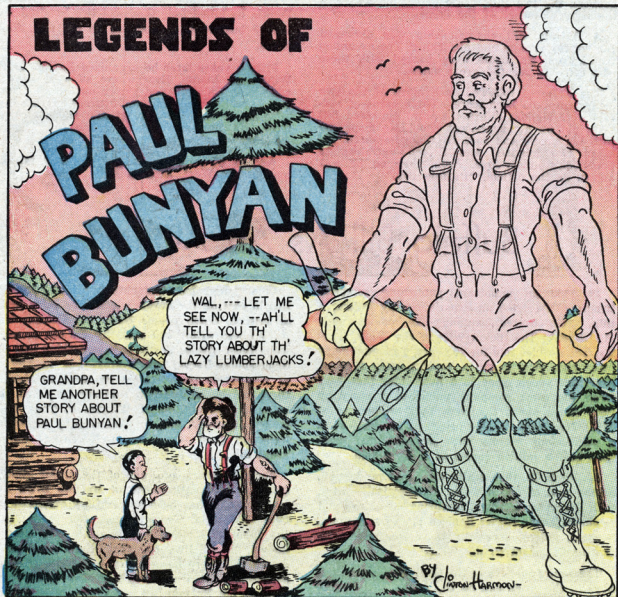
- | | |
|------|--|
| 1846 | Born William Frederick Cody in Iowa |
| 1860 | Carried the mail by Pony Express from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, Cal. |
| 1862 | Served in U.S. Cavalry |
| 1871 | Elected member of Nebraska Legislature |
| 1883 | Organized his Wild West shows to represent life on the primitive frontiers. |
| 1917 | Died at Denver, Colorado—Aged 71 |

LEGENDS OF

PAUL BUNYAN

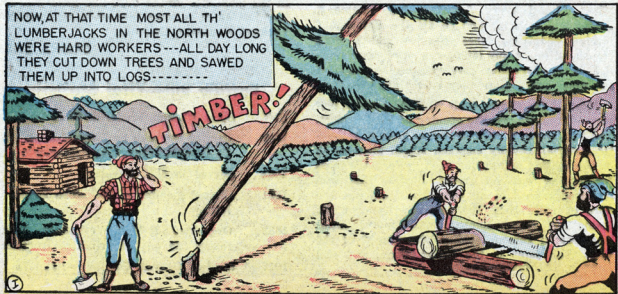
WAL, --- LET ME
SEE NOW, --AH'LL
TELL YOU TH'
STORY ABOUT TH'
LAZY LUMBERJACKS!

GRANDPA, TELL
ME ANOTHER
STORY ABOUT
PAUL BUNYAN.



NOW, AT THAT TIME MOST ALL TH'
LUMBERJACKS IN THE NORTH WOODS
WERE HARD WORKERS --- ALL DAY LONG
THEY CUT DOWN TREES AND SAWED
THEM UP INTO LOGS-----

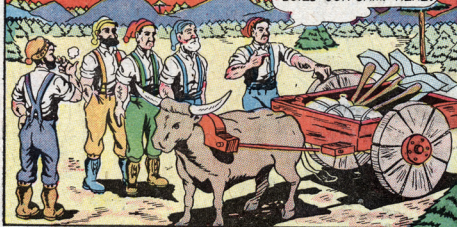
TIMBER!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

--- BUT, ONE DAY SOME NEW LOGGERS MOVED INTO THE NORTH WOODS WHERE PAUL BUNYAN LIVED ---

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT BOYS, -- WE'LL BUILD OUR CAMP HERE!



BUT, THERE- IS NO HURRY, -- WE CAN START TOMORROW!



BUT, --- THAT NIGHT, --- AND IN FACT EVERY NIGHT AFTER THAT --- THEM LOGGERS WOULD SIT AROUND A FIRE HIGH UP ON A HILL AND DRINK APPLE CIDER AND SING SONGS TILL THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING!

YOO, HO, HO.

FOR JOLLY LOGGERS ARE WE!



--- SO, OF COURSE EVERY MORNING -- THEY WOULD BE SO SLEEPY AN' TIRED, THAT THEY NEVER DID ANY WORK --- YESSIR, THEY SURE WERE A LAZY LOT!

IT'S GONNA BE WINTER SOON, AN WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED ON OUR CAMP!

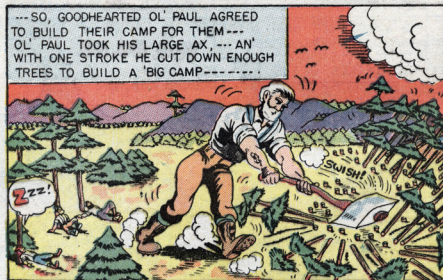
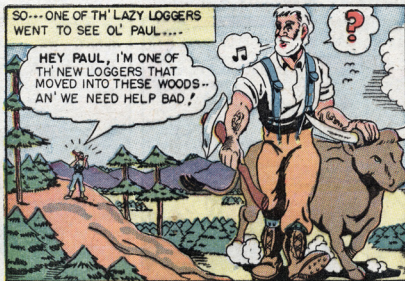
I'VE GOT AN' IDEA, --- I WAS TALKIN' TO SOME OF TH' OTHER LOGGERS



--- AN' THEY SAY THAT PAUL BUNYAN ALWAYS LENDS THEM A HAND WHEN THEY NEED HELP!

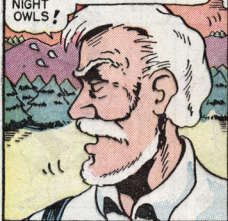


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BILLY,---IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT MAKES ME MAD,IT'S A LAZY LUMBERJACK ---BUT I THINK I CAN REFORM THOSE NIGHT OWLS!



--- THAT NIGHT OL' PAUL HID BEHIND SOME LARGE MOUNTAINS AN' WATCHED TH' LAZY LOGGERS MAKIN' MERRY OVER ON ANOTHER HIGH HILL -----



OH, WORK WE DO NOT LIKE!
WE'D DRUTHER SING ALL NIGHT!

OH, WORK WE DO NOT LIKE
WE'D DRUTHER SING ALL NIGHT!



AN' WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED,--- WELL, THEM LOGGERS STARTED SINGIN',---AN' THAT SAME SONG STARTED RINGING RIGHT BACK AT THEM FROM OVER THE MOUNTAINS-----

---AN' TH' LOGGERS WERE SO FRIGHTENED OF THAT MOCKING SOUND, THAT THEY RAN ALL TH' WAY BACK TO THEIR CAMP!

NO MORE CIDER FOR ME --I'M GOIN' TO BED!

ME TOO



AN' AFTER THAT,THE LAZY LOGGERS WERN'T LAZY,---EVERY NIGHT THE LOGGERS WERE IN BED EARLY,---AND THEY WERE TH' HARDEST WORKIN' LUMBERJACKS IN TH' NORTH WOODS ----



YOO HOO!

YOO HOO

--AN' SON, EVEN TODAY YOU CAN HEAR YOURSELF REPEATED,WHEN YOU STAND UP ON A HIGH HILL OR MOUNTAIN AN' YELL ...MOST FOLKS CALL IT A ECHO, --- BUT THE LOGGERS SAY IT'S JUST OL' PAUL STILL PLAYIN' PRANKS!

GOLLY!



THE RANCH BOYS

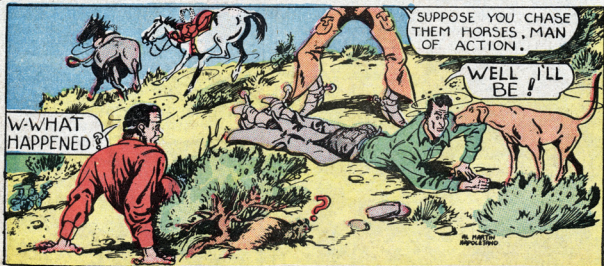
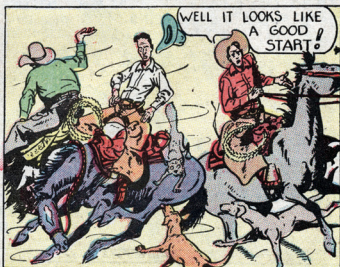
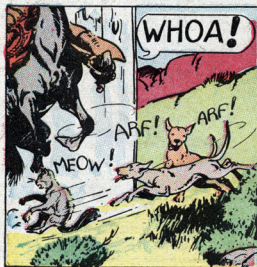
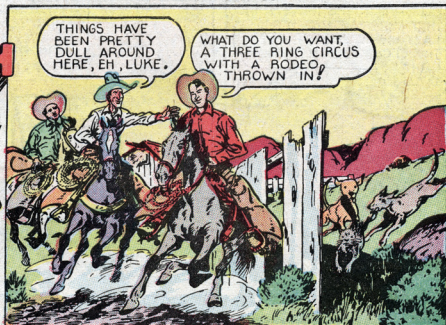
SHORTY



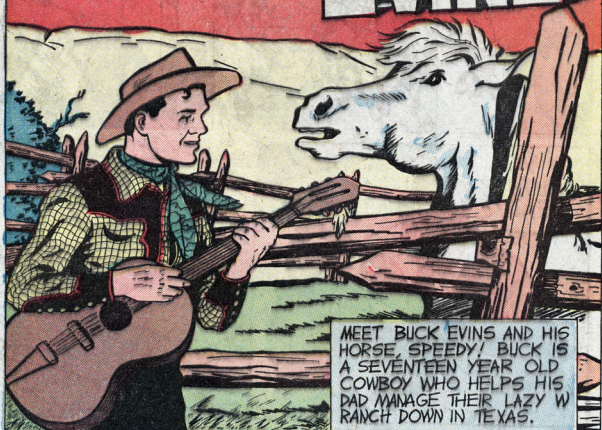
SLIM



LUKE

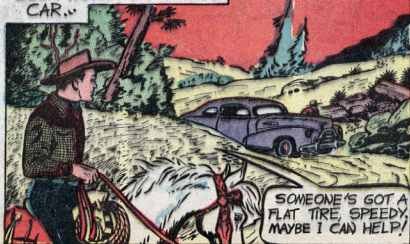


BUCK EVINS



MEET BUCK EVINS AND HIS HORSE, SPEEDY! BUCK IS A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD COWBOY WHO HELPS HIS DAD MANAGE THEIR LAZY W RANCH DOWN IN TEXAS.

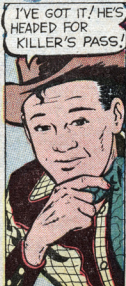
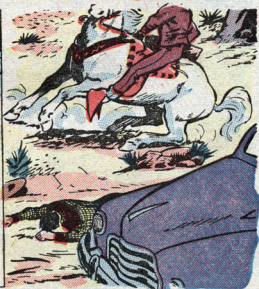
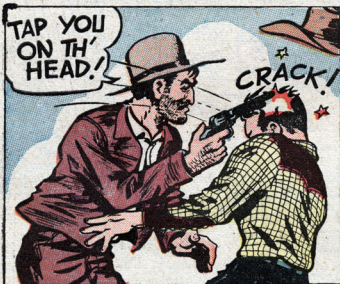
ON THE ROAD TO TOWN, ONE DAY, BUCK NOTICES A PARKED CAR...



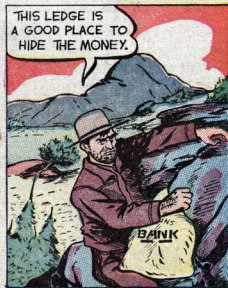
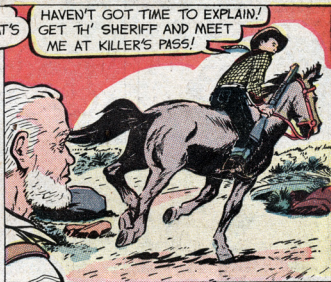
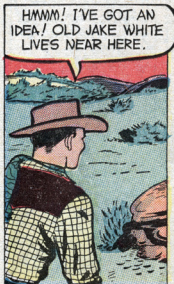
HOWDY! COULD I BE OF ANY HELP?



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

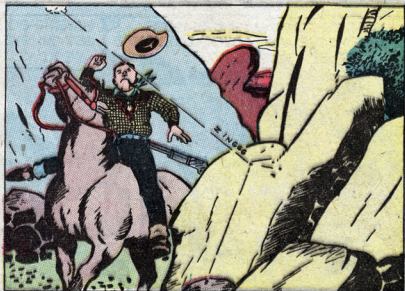
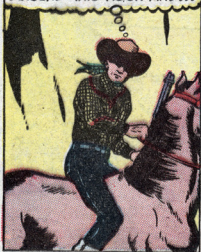
THE BANDIT, ON THE RIDGE, CAN SEE A RIDER COMING THROUGH THE PASS...



IT'S TH' KID I TOOK TH' HOSS FROM! I'D BETTER PLUG HIM!



SPEEDY'S TRACKS TURN AROUND THIS ROCK AND...



GOT HIM! I'LL FINISH HIDING TH' MONEY AND THEN I'LL GET RID OF TH' BODY.



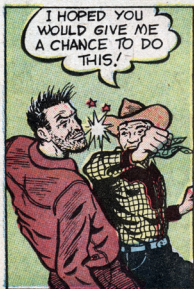
BUT...



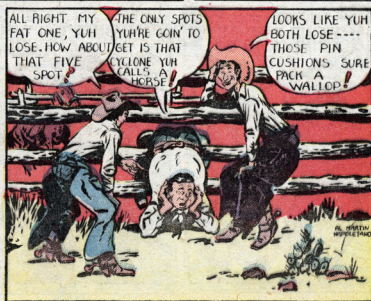
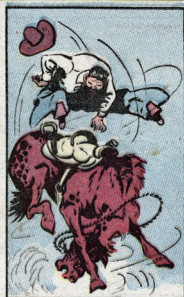
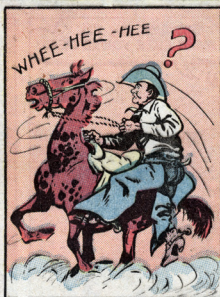
I THINK TH' SHOT CAME FROM UP HERE. THE OUTLAW GOT AWAY.... NO! THERE HE IS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

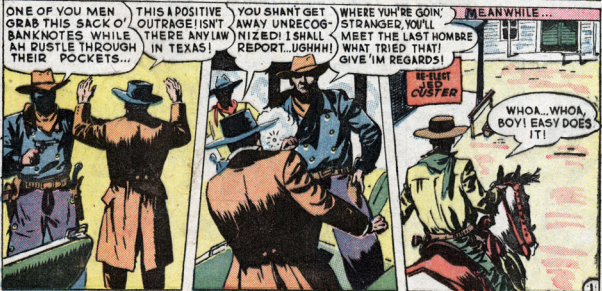


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



A STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS

DEVIL'S DOUBLE



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HOWDY, SHERIFF! RIGHT GLAD RIDIN' BY THISAWAY! TUH SEE THOUGHT I'D STOP IN... YUH, BURK! RECKON YUH COULD DO ME A FAVOR...



YOU RANGERS MEET LOTS A CITIZENS OF THE COUNTY, TOM. YUH MIGHT FEEL OUT WHAT THEY THINK OF MY REELECTION! I KNOW ALREADY, JED! MOSTLY THEY'RE FOR YUH!



AN HOUR LATER...

IF YUH COULD SOLVE THAT CATTLE RUSTLIN', YORE ELECTION'D BE SURE FIRE... UH, SAY WHAT'S THE RUMPUSS OUTSIDE? IT'S A HET UP MOB, AN THEY'RE HEADIN' THISAWAY



THEY'S BEEN A HOLDUP AN' A MURDER-- BORDER EXPRESS... AN... DOGGONE, SHERIFF THERE'S THE HOMBRE! RIGHT THERE BEHIND YAI!

ME? YORE MIGHTY MISTAKEN...



I SEEN HIS FACE! YA CAINT COVER FER 'IM, JED, SHERIFF OR NO!

LYNCH THE THIEVIN' MURDERIN' COVOTE!

STAND BACK! OR, BY JONAS THESE GUNS'LL TALK! IF TOM BURK'S A THIEF, HE'LL STAND TRIAL LEGAL!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

THE MOB'S RARIN' OUT FRONT, TOM! I'M LEAVIN' YUH GO AFORE THEY BUST IN HERE AN' TAKE THINGS INTO THEIR 'TILL COST YUH OWN HANDS! YORE REELECTION, JED!



I DON'T WANT NO JOB AT THE COST OF AN INNOCENT MAN'S NECK! HIGHTAIL IT FER THE HILLS! MAKE TRACKS PLENTY FAST!!

IT APPEARS I GOT A DOUBLE AND IT'S UP TUH ME TUH FIND 'IM!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

DAYBREAK...

RECKON I BETTER HOLE UP TILL NIGHTFALL... MEANWHILE I'LL WATCH THE CATTLE TRAIL...

BY JUNIPER!
WHOA!



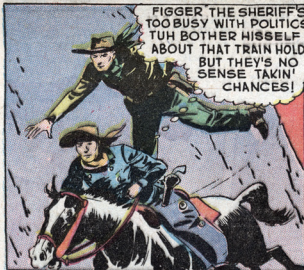
THERE'S A HERD BELOW ON THE TRAIL, NOW!



WITH THE HAUL OFF'N THE RAILROAD AN' THE HERD TUGGETHER WE CAN LOAF QUITE A SPELL ACROSS THE BORDER, SAVAGE!



FIGGER THE SHERIFF'S TOO BUSY WITH POLITICS TUH BOTHER HISSELF ABOUT THAT TRAIN HOLDUP. BUT THEY'S NO SENSE TAKIN' CHANCES!



HEY!

HOLD ON, STRANGER! IF I'M WRONG I'LL BEG YORE PARDON!



...BUT I AIN'T WRONG! I COULD BE YOU IF I HAD A YELLOW LIVER AN' A BLACK HEART!

OWW-OW
I'LL KILL...

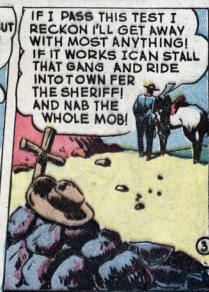


I'D RATHER A TAKIN' YA ALIVE... BUT YA INSISTED ON GETTIN' FANNED TUH SLEEP!

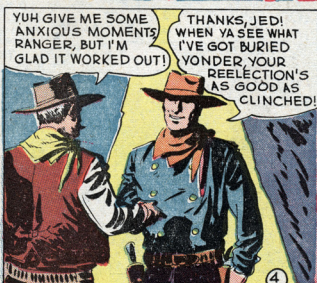
AHHHHH!



IF I PASS THIS TEST I RECKON I'LL GET AWAY WITH MOST ANYTHING! IF IT WORKS I CAN STALL THAT GANG AND RIDE INTO TOWN FER THE SHERIFFI AND NAB THE WHOLE MOB!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



GUN FACTS

IN THE DAYS OF THE YOUNG AND WILD WEST, ANY GUN-MAN WHO PICKED UP A NEW TRICK WITH HIS PISTOL OR RIFLE PROBABLY LIVED A LITTLE LONGER!



ANNIE OAKLEY

"LITTLE SURE SHOT" AS SHE WAS CALLED BY **SITTING BULL**, COULD FIRE TWENTY-FIVE SHOTS IN TWENTY-SEVEN SECONDS FROM A SERIES OF RIFLES AND HIT THE CENTER OF A PLAYING-CARD WITH ALL SHOTS!

SHE ONCE SHOT FOR NINE GRUELING HOURS AT 5,000 COMPOSITION BALLS WHICH WERE TOSSED INTO THE AIR. HER SCORE WAS 4,772 HITS OUT OF 5,000!

MARIO
REMARCO

"FANNING"

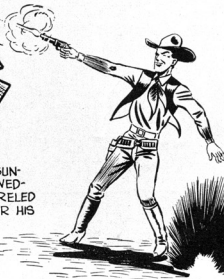
A FAST GUN-MAN COULD DRAW, EMPTY HIS GUN AT A TARGET IN A MATTER OF A COUPLE OF SECONDS BY THE ART OF "FANNING", THE TRIGGER WAS OF NO USE, BECAUSE THE PALM OF THE HAND TOOK ITS PLACE!



"DOC" HOLLIDAY

THE DENTIST WHO TURNED GUN-MAN, OFTEN CARRIED A SAWED-OFF, 10-GAUGE DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN CONCEALED UNDER HIS COAT!

ED MCGVERN, WELL KNOWN FIRE ARMS EXPERT, CAN SPLIT A CARD ABOUT $\frac{1}{8}$ OF A INCH THICK WHILE IT IS TOSSED IN MID AIR! HE CAN DRAW AND HIT A MAN-TARGET ABOUT 20 FEET AWAY WITH BOTH GUNS BLAZING (10 SHOTS) IN TWO SECONDS!





HI-YO! KIDS! LONE RANGER'S 'Silver Bullet' BALL POINT Pen Set With Cowboy's Belt



See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

Lone Ranger Pals! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome

buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns . . . of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE

RED for danger
BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

SEND NO MONEY

— Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for \$1.98

RUSH COUPON NOW

LYNN SALES CO., Dept. 204
106-01 Merrick Rd., Jamaica, New York

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER AND "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete for only \$1.98. BELT SIZE —

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
- ☐ To save postage, I enclose \$2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State, _____

Money Back Guarantee: — If not delighted may be returned in 10 days for full price refund

Cowboy Western

22

MAY 1949

COVER - Sherman^o [BAD REDRAW OF INTERIOR SPLASH]

| | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|---|
| ifc - GERONIMO | DE MARCO* | 1 |
| JESSE JAMES | BATTEFIELD | 4 |
| ANNIE OAKLEY | JOE ORLANDO | 4 |
| DM & BB - MUSCLE MAN MURD | HARMON* | 6 |
| "BUFFAW BIL" - COL. W.F. CODY | DE MARCO* | 1 |
| BUFFALO BILL'S PRIVATE LIFE | TEXT | 2 |
| LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN | HARMON* | 4 |
| The RANCH BOYS | AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO* | 1 |
| BUCK EVINS | | 5 |
| THE RANCH BOYS | AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO* | 1 |
| DEVIL'S DOUBLE | LEO MOREY | 4 |
| GUN FACTS | DE MARCO* | 1 |